

SONGS  
OF A  
CHEERFUL  
WAYFARER

—  
HUDSON

# SONGS OF A CHEERFUL WAYFARER

by  
DUNBAR HIBBARD HUDSON

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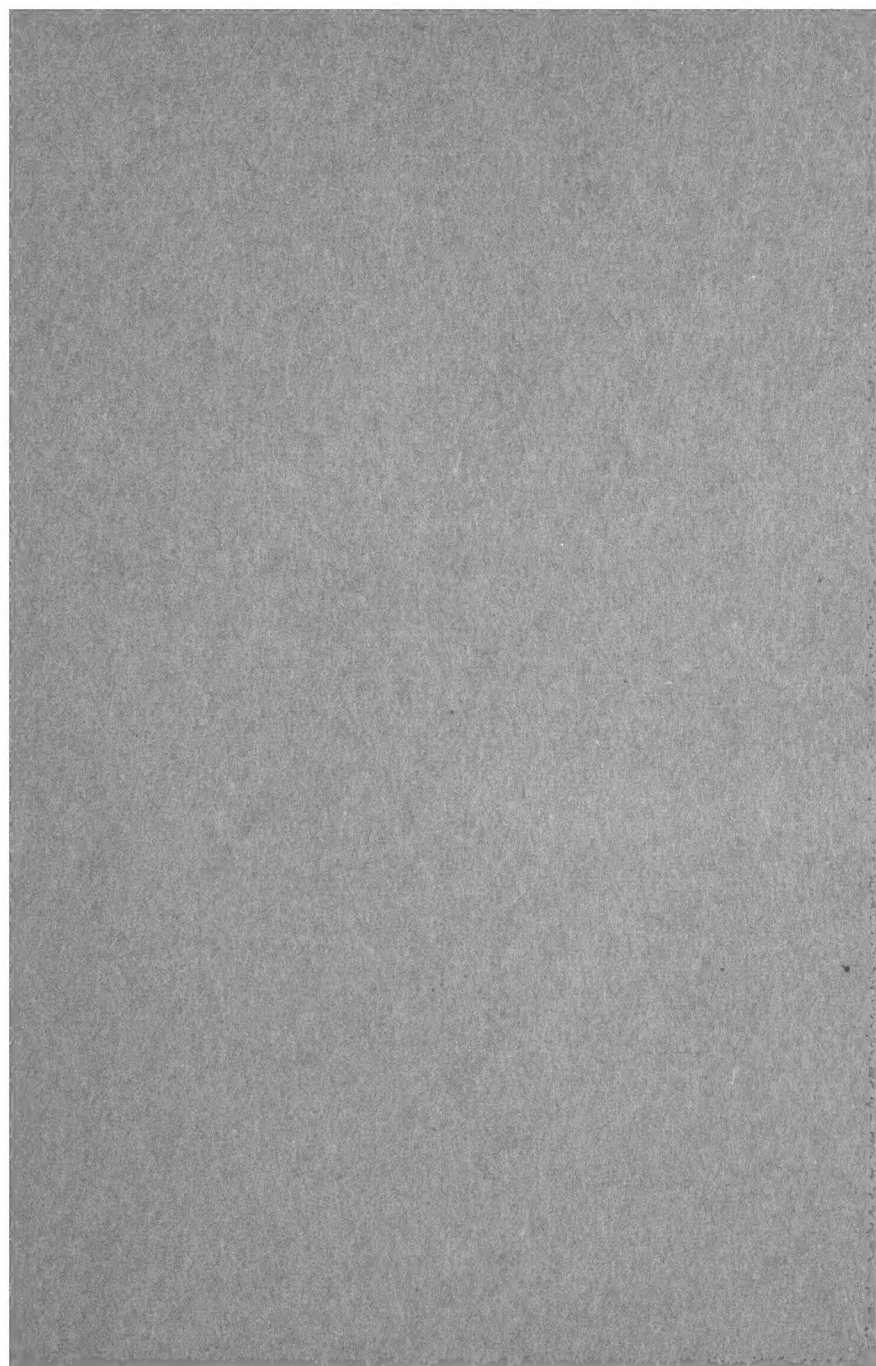
Mr & Mrs A. B. Rutherford

With affectionate greetings

J. H. Hudson

Nimipig Dec 1/26





**Songs *of a*  
Cheerful  
Wayfarer**

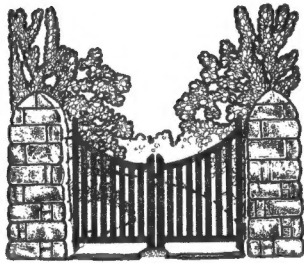


# Songs *of a* Cheerful Wayfarer

*Some Serious and Some Not so Serious*

by  
Dunbar Hibbard Hudson

PS  
1515  
J21



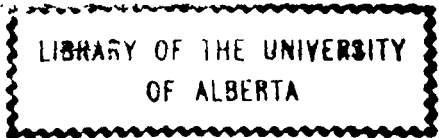
"Open the gate, explore the treasured wood."

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1926

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*Serious*





## THE COMMON LIFE

**I**F it seem vanity that I  
Do thus aspire the muse to court,  
Judge it not so; I do but try  
To solve the riddle and import  
Of life—the common daily life  
We mortals lead who toil for bread,  
Yet in our labor find no strife  
'Twixt interests of the hand and head.

A thought that doth the soul inspire  
Imparts to hands an added skill;  
Indwelt by Nature's sacred fire  
Expands the life, controls the will.

Above the sordid and the vain  
The soul communes with timeless thought,  
And though it turn to earth again,  
The spirit hath clear vision caught.

Nothing is common or unclean,  
Through every circumstance of time  
A worthiness is clearly seen,  
Linking our lives with the divine.

## HAWTHORN LODGE

*(An Acrostic)*

**H**AST thou a heart that clings to other days,  
A hand that would the page of history turn,  
Where strangers in a strange new world must learn  
The life of pioneers by arduous ways;  
Hoping in time from virgin woods to claim,  
Out of that citadel of nature's strength,  
Reward of labor in a home, at length;  
None with such worthy aim should toil in vain.

Let such a one to Hawthorn Lodge repair,  
Open the gate; explore the treasured wood;  
Delve in the soil where once brave structures stood;  
Gather the bloom; inhale the perfumed air;  
Enriched in mind and soul, by sojourn there.

## THIS IS THE LIFE

THIS is the life! New joys come with each morning;

Old hopes revive with each new day returning;  
Vigor increased, inspiring fresh ambition  
To live and serve our day and generation.

This is the life! Forgetting all the worry  
Of strenuous days, the bustle and the hurry,  
Renew again our love of simple pleasure  
Dame Nature's hand bestows with generous measure.

And, when this life is merged in life eternal,  
When earthly joys give place to joys supernal,  
May all dear friends along the old Red River  
Be with us there, forever and forever.

## HE LIVED BESIDE A STREAM

HE lived beside a stream that flowed due north,  
Little did he possess of wit or worth,  
But, like the stream that brought from summer climes  
A warmer breath, he sought in bitter times  
A hopeful song to sing of life and death,  
And love that to the end encompasseth.

The river wound its way through mead and wood,  
By town and city where brave structures stood,  
Reflecting as it passed the city lights,  
And in its lonely reaches starry nights  
Made every wave and ripple brightly gleam  
With rays of light, that glorified the stream.

A song that cheers the wayfarer by night,  
A word diffusing friendship as a light,  
Are but reflections of the Perfect Whole,  
That mirrored forth, transform a man's own soul.

## EXPERIENCE

**I**T matters not though youth be left behind,  
And middle life with ever quickening pace  
Pass too, if age brings a contented mind  
Reflected in a cheerful, kindly face.

In youth we struggle to attain a place,  
Through middle life still strive to reach the goal.  
Happy the man, who, in this heated race,  
Maintains unsullied his immortal soul.

For, with the clearer vision, ripened years  
Bring to our inner self, we realize  
We may not cleanse the soul with bitter tears;  
A well spent life, alone, merits the prize.

## MY MOTHER

WHO was it, from a dizzy height,  
Gazed down upon a little mite  
All curves and dimples, pink and white?  
My Mother.

Who was it when I faced starvation,  
Having no teeth for mastication,  
Supplied a most nutritious ration?  
My Mother.

Who was it as I grew apace  
Insisted I must wash my face  
Behind my ears and every place?  
My Mother.

Who darned my stockings, cut my hair,  
Made every stitch I had to wear,  
And oft, I fear, was in despair?  
My Mother.

Who, when her lad was in disgrace,  
Showed only pity in her face,  
Enfolding in a fond embrace?  
My Mother.

Who loved me whether good or bad,  
When I was naughty, looked so sad  
She made me wish I never had?  
My Mother.



Who warned of every evil way,  
Taught me a childish prayer to say,  
"That God would guard me day by day"?  
My Mother.

Who was it at a Throne of Grace  
Besought that I might "find a place  
Within God's house, and see His face"?  
My Mother.

God bless and keep you, Mother dear,  
'Till that bright morn, when shall appear  
A messenger from out the West,  
Where lie the "Islands of the blest,"  
Summoning home. 'Till then, hold fast.  
He will not fail you, at the last.

## THE WEST

A STEELY sky,  
A stretch of snow,  
A house or two,  
Forty below.

A soft blue sky,  
Carpet of green,  
A bluff of trees,  
Peaceful, serene.

A hazy sky,  
Green turned to gold,  
Labor's reward,  
Life's story told.

.

## A MIRACLE

*(Written June, 1924, En route from Montreal via the North Shore.)*

WHERE once the blackened trunks of spruce and  
pine

Stood like a phantom host, stark and alone,  
Nature, unaided, wrought a work divine;

By self sufficient power did atone  
For other's sins. No longer bleak and bare,

The hills again are clad with verdure rare.  
All changed the gloomy scene of black despair—  
Exultant life and hope spring everywhere.

## HOW LIKE A MAID IS NATURE

**H**OW like a maid is nature in her moods;  
To-day all smiles, to-morrow full of frowns.  
Clothed in bedraggled garments are the woods,  
Then bursting forth bedecked in wondrous gowns  
Of green, in all the many varying shades  
From light to dark—in dull or lustrous sheen.  
On wind swept hill, in cool and moss clad glades,  
Like maidens full of vigor, lithe and keen,  
In contrast with the quiet, self-possessed;  
The one, a hoyden, caring naught for dress;  
The other careful, and if truth confessed,  
Living on praise the grateful birds express.  
When gentle breezes from the Southland blow  
And nature's heart is warmed as with soft love,  
Up from the east the cloud banks rise and grow;  
A changing breeze her fickleness doth prove.  
Oh, maiden fair! how kind, anon how cruel;  
Thy very moods are surely thine attraction,  
And to my passion only add fresh fuel,  
Kindling anew the flames to my distraction.

## SPRING

THE days are warm, the nights are cool,  
And water overflows the pool;  
The willows are bursting into life,  
The busy robin and his wife  
Together hunt a suitable tree  
For the home of the brood that is to be.

Beneath dead leaves of yester-year,  
Green moss and tiny flowers appear.  
The wild geese winging their northward flight  
Are seen, then heard, soon lost to sight.  
The winter is ended and Spring again  
Has come to gladden the hearts of men.

## AUTUMN

THE leaves are turning red and gold;  
The birds are swarming for their flight;  
The year has suddenly grown old;  
A chill falls with the fading light.

The sun has lost his former strength,  
No longer woos with ardent glow;  
Each morn with tardier step he comes,  
Each night makes greater haste to go.

To youth and age a message bring  
Of ripened corn and falling leaves;  
The verdant blade of early Spring  
The reaper binds in golden sheaves.

A vague fear haunts us as we peer  
Through mists across the rim of time.  
The close of life—the passing year—  
Each holds a mystery sublime.

Through death completer life will spring,  
For life abides from year to year;  
Though this year's bloom must disappear,  
A richer, fuller blossoming  
Is pledged in death—some time—some where.



## OCTOBER

THE early days of Autumn now are here;  
The woods are clothed in colors wondrous fair;  
We hail thee loveliest month of all the year,  
And mark thy changing beauty everywhere.

Our hearts are filled with sadness while we gaze  
On scenes that speak of passing and decay;  
The morning mists, the mellow noontide haze,  
The naked trees that boist'rous breezes sway.

And we from nature would this lesson learn,  
Which clothes in garments worthy Prince or King,  
Bravely the end to meet, all fear to spurn,  
Robbing the grave of victory, death of sting.

## THE HIGHEST JOY

**I**F thou wouldst know the highest joy,  
Pure as the dewdrop or the snow,  
True happiness without alloy  
While here below,

Commune with nature in her moods,  
Both grave and gay; learn to explore  
Her secret ways in fields and woods,  
Her treasured store.

Enjoy the fellowship of trees;  
The friendship of a lonely star;  
Refreshment from the evening breeze  
That blows afar.

Or lie beneath an aspen tree,  
Responsive to each trembling leaf;  
With mother birds, unconsciously,  
Feel joy or grief.

Seek out the first pale bloom that springs  
Beneath a sheltering mound of snow,  
Enraptured by the hope it brings,  
The thrill, the glow

Of life, upspringing from the earth,  
A pledge—that death shall loose its prey—  
A resurrection morn—a birth—  
A destiny.

## REVERIES

I STAND upon this plot of hallowed ground,  
And greet once more the soul-inspiring view;  
With utmost pleasure, gratitude profound,  
Old thoughts, old memories, old hopes renew.

The years have sped, but memory recalls  
Pleasant sensations of the bygone days;  
The breadth of sky, the music of the falls,  
At night, the wondrous heavenly displays.

How fair the moon! How bright the myriad stars!  
To pale and fade before Aurora's gleams;  
No sombre memory the picture mars;  
The happy days recur like haunting dreams.

Each Spring the robin found his favorite tree,  
The oriole and waxwing chose with skill  
A sheltered spot, where, each in his degree  
Prepared a nest, its instinct to fulfil.

Our hearts expand, our eyes fresh visions see  
Of all the wonders of the universe;  
A deeper sense of man's divinity,  
And kinship with all things that bear "the curse."

We suffer lack with every living thing,  
Drink in refreshment with the parchéd sod;  
A loving Father marks the broken wing;  
In reverence, we bow to Nature's God.

## EVENSONG

**I**T is the hour of Evensong,  
All nature joins her God to bless.  
The stream glides quietly along  
In peacefulness.

With gentle murmur of content  
As o'er the dam the waters fall,  
Reflecting on a day well spent  
In serving all.

The patient herd in retrospect  
Live over in contented mood  
The hours past, nor feel neglect,  
Nor aught but good.

With industry they cropped the sward  
Nor realized their priceless worth;  
A generous heart hath its reward  
In giving forth.

The bee, that all the day hath sought  
With busy haste her store of food,  
Not for herself alone hath wrought  
In solitude;

Unselfishness—the common weal—  
The goal of human brotherhood  
Hath she exemplified; her zeal  
Scarce understood.

The human soul, akin to God,  
That senses its beatitude,  
Will choose the path the Master trod,  
Nor shun the rood.

So shall the day wear to its close  
Bringing a glow of joy and pride,  
A welcome hour of blest repose  
At eventide.

## HAPPINESS

**H**APPINESS is the reflection  
Of a worthy deed,  
Done with naught of expectation,  
Nor of greed.  
Give without a thought of gaining  
In return  
God reads hearts, needs no explaining,  
He'll discern  
Motives pure, unselfish, holy,  
And bestow  
Happiness unto the lowly,  
Here and now.



## BEYOND THE CLOUDS

AT eventide it seemed a storm would break,  
And gulls were hastening homeward toward the lake.  
High in the heaven against the cobalt blue  
That rimmed the horizon 'round, these wanderers  
flew.

The storm was brewing in the North and East;  
The upper clouds churned angrily like yeast;  
But northward sped the gulls, with rhythmic sweep  
Rising and dipping. With what skill they keep

Unerring course against the boist'rous wind;  
Their graceful undulations to the mind  
Bring thoughts of music, as the rolling deep,  
But noiseless as an anthem heard in sleep.

Ere lost to view beyond the range of sight,  
The group are flooded by a beam of light,  
And in the distant blue, one snow-white breast  
Stands forth distinctly, clearer than the rest.

And fancy pictures to my mind the thought;  
This is a mortal soul the three have sought  
And now are guiding to the far home shore,  
Beyond the storm filled clouds, the tempest's roar.

And with the thought my soul is comforted;  
Removed all sense of loneliness and dread;  
Good friends will greet the hour of my release;  
Somewhere, beyond the clouds, I shall find peace.

## HOPE INSPIRED

A LITTLE flower grew in a glade  
Far from the busy throng;  
A little bird sang airily  
Though no one heard his song.

By chance I wandered in the glen  
Where bloomed the modest flower,  
And, pausing, heard the cheerful note  
Within the leafy bower.

O happy bird! O dainty flower!  
How shall I e'er repay  
The joy, that all unconsciously,  
You brought to me that day?

I'll seek to carry in my heart  
An echo of your song,  
A note of cheer and sweet content,  
To help the world along.

A breath of perfume still will cling,  
A memory remain,  
That in life's darkest hour will bring  
Courage, and Hope again.

## WESTMINSTER

*(Written on fly leaf of a volume descriptive of Westminster Abbey.)*

**B**EHOLD a book! described therein

A Temple reared to baffle sin,  
Lovely without, hallowed within.

Bound up in legend's sacred lore  
Its aisles are peopled as of yore  
With ghostly hosts, full many score.

The noble Knight stretched on his bier,  
The bold and fearless Mariner,  
The Poet and the Prince are here.

The Unknown Warrior, history's page  
Will claim, sacred to every age,  
Whose tomb doth hopeless grief assuage.

The Stone of Destiny, the chair  
Where England's Kings are crowned, are there,  
The altar where they kneel in prayer.

'Tis here the lowly and the great  
May come to pray and meditate;  
To humble souls 'tis Heaven's Gate.

Oh noble pile! oh sacred shrine!  
Thy beauty and thy lore combine  
To lift our souls to the Divine.

## PROGRESS

OLD visions fade; old forms of thought decay;  
From seeds long planted strange new growth ap-  
pears;

Freedom extends its boundaries with the years  
In every sphere. The license of one day

Becomes the commonplace of later years.

Convention, that for centuries has bound  
The eager soul, rooted to ancient ground,  
Must yield; severed at length by blood and tears.

Shall freedom languish, human progress cease?

Can aught withstand the mountain torrent's force?

Or stem the rising tide, whose stealthy waves  
Seek out each crevice and by slow increase,  
Fill to the brim each pool? They, who the course  
Of progress would retard, are fools or knaves.

## THE SOURCE OF LOVE

**I**F love be all immortal bards have sung,  
And life as fleeting as the with'ring blade;  
Methinks 'tis better far to love, and, young  
And loving, face grim death—calm, undismayed.

For life—the longest, fullest—wanting love,  
Is empty as the grave to which it goes;  
But love, true love, will everlasting prove;  
Death is not numbered 'mongst its deadly foes.

The one who, loving, gives himself to death,  
Shall find not lesser life but wider space;  
When he hath rendered up his mortal breath,  
The Source of Love will greet him, face to face.

## LOST VIRTUE

WHEN virtue hangs her lovely head  
In fear and shame;  
When friends depart, and hope is dead,  
A tarnished name  
Alone remains. How sad the plight!  
How deep the loss!  
All happiness takes flight  
Leaving but dross.

Take heed when virtue's warning voice  
Whispers, "Beware."  
Naught will survive the foolish choice  
But black despair.  
Count well the cost of one false step;  
Pause, e'er too late;  
Others have mourned and sadly wept,  
Outside the gate.

## FIRST LOVE

THE morning breaks upon a brighter day ;  
The rising sun in glory swings on high ;  
My heart sings gaily to a cloudless sky ;  
All things are new, the old have passed away.

Whence comes this sense of thrilling life anew ?  
This welling up of love and hope sublime ?  
It came, dear one, when your fair hand touched  
mine ;  
In ecstasy I yielded all to you.

Come, let me place a hand beneath your head,  
An arm about your supple yielding form ;  
The wine of joy to rapturously sip,  
As birds who mate, by perfect instinct led.  
The full fruition of our love new born,  
While heart beats close to heart, lip touches lip.

## HAIL TO THE BRIDE

**H**AIL to the day!  
Day of all days to me,  
That sealed our destiny,  
    Making us one.  
Well may soft breezes blow,  
Birds sing and flowers grow,  
Brooks babble as they flow  
    Bright in the sun.

Hail to the bride!  
Queen of the citadel,  
Yet, yielding to my will,  
    Happy, content.  
Worshipped and worshipping,  
Strengthening and comforting,  
Love's willing offering  
    By heaven sent.

Hail future days!  
May they rich treasure bring,  
Love, strong, continuing  
    'Till Heaven is won.  
Courage, 'till then, Dear Heart!  
Never again to part,  
Mine still, as now thou art,  
    Beyond the sun.



## TO MY DARLING

**M**Y heart at thy sweet call  
Thrills with expectancy;  
Soul answers unto soul  
    Unconsciously.  
Naught of myself I own;  
All, all is thine alone,  
Thy footstool and thy throne  
    Eternally.

Should some unkindly fate  
Lurkingly lie in wait  
Our lives to separate,  
    Heaven fend.  
Always shall steadfast love  
Triumph o'er fate, and prove  
Nor death nor hell can move,  
    World without end.

## A SONG OF LOVE

PITY me not, for I am well content,  
Nor find my labor irksome in its claims.  
All have ambitions. Think not lofty aims  
Are but confined to art; that hours spent

In toil for those we love, less worthy are  
Than vigil science keeps searching the sky,  
Or artists give to joyous minstrelsy.  
My loved one is to me a Song, a Star.

So would I dedicate my heart's last beat,  
Proving devotion not by word, but deed;  
Finding all worthy if I but succeed  
To cherish her I love, find safe retreat.  
All, all of brain and brawn, 'tis joy indeed  
Gladly to lay an offering at her feet.

## FOND MEMORIES

'TIS many many years since first we met;  
The night, the room, the sense of destiny  
That whelmed me in that hour, are with me yet,  
As clear and keen as though 'twere yesterday.  
A vision of rare loveliness, and more,  
Mine eyes beheld; but 'twas my inmost soul  
That realized the truth, that, evermore,  
Together we should travel toward one goal.  
Time or eternity should never part.  
In that brief moment some strange sense revealed,  
I know not how, that I should win your heart.  
The union of two souls high heaven has sealed.  
Together we shall walk unto the end,  
Strong in the love in that blest hour begun;  
And, though at eventide the mists descend,  
We shall win through to greet the rising sun.

## LOVE'S DESTINY

**I**T matters not though years may come and go;  
And time destroy the subtle charm of youth;  
If love remain—life's gentle ebb and flow  
Will bear us surely to a land of truth.

And only love, true love, will there unfold—  
Purged, purified, ennobled, and refined.  
The dross removed leaves naught but purest gold,  
And passion chastened leaves true love enshrined.

## REUNION

**I**N a brief moment I shall see thy face,  
And touch each cheek still wet with tears of joy;  
Shall all the tender arts of love employ;  
Holding thee strongly to me, for a space;

Stroking thy tresses with a tenderness  
Born of remembrance of thy glorious youth,  
Fondly recalling all thy charms; in truth,  
Moved beyond power of cold words to express.

Thus will time speed on magic golden wings  
Down the long years freighted with memories  
That bring anew, with overwhelming power,  
Th' exquisite glow, the awesome wonderings—  
Those sacred bonds of love—sweet mysteries  
Unfathomed then, or even to this hour.

## THE MYSTERY OF SLEEP

*(The prayer of the flowers is given exactly as it came to me in  
a dream.)*

FROM out a cloud of mystery sweet slumber comes,  
Bringing to lordly palaces and lowly homes  
Refreshment after labor, surcease of pain,  
Courage and hope to face life once again.

Like the soft dew of heaven that falls at will  
Nor fails its gracious purpose to fulfill,  
Sleep clarifies the brain with gentle skill,  
Though the subconscious mind be active still.

The elfin ruler of the land of dreams  
Guides us at will through fairyland, o'er streams,  
Through woods and magic dells, to grottos where  
The fairy hosts hold court, midst revels rare.

Oft have I journeyed to this charming spot  
Only to find next morn its sights forgot,  
For as you rise to go, a fairy hand  
Waves o'er your head her magic silver wand,  
And with a gracious smile or joyous laugh  
Bids you adieu or gaily cries, "Be off."

Not so one night remembered well. The scene  
Was set not in the cavern as had been ;  
But 'neath a sheltering hill where flowers grew  
In rich profusion and of every hue ;  
And as I passed with others, there appeared  
A queenly form by all the flowers revered.

Long had they waited silently, and now  
Each made a curtsey or reverent bow.  
Then, in a burst of song beyond compare,  
Floating like sunbeams on the ambient air,  
Lifted their souls in rapturous, fervent prayer :

*Little Mother of the Flowers  
Guard throughout the daylight hours,  
Lest careless feet annoy,  
Or wilful hands destroy  
A child of thine.*

*And at even when deep shadow  
Falls upon the wood and meadow,  
Send fireflies to light  
Thy children through the night.  
Guard us from harm.*

The scene too soon dissolved and I arose  
Charmed with my dream, refreshed by sweet repose.

## THE FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

WHERE is the God our fathers loved and served?  
The God of justice, who with heavy hand  
Chastened all those who from the pathway swerved,  
Or erred because they did not understand.

Where the conviction, by the Saints possessed,  
That, of the human race, but few were saved?  
A chosen few, predestined to be blessed;  
Alas! the many—hopelessly depraved.

And where the courage, that with bated breath  
Witnessed a good confession? None remains.  
That God; that faith; that courage unto death  
Have passed. To-day a softer vision reigns.



## DIVINE IMPARTIALITY

THE God who sends the sunshine and the rain  
Is no respecter of the great or proud—  
The little flower and the tender blade  
Need not to plead their cause nor cry aloud.  
And thou, Oh man! though humble be thy lot,  
Art not obscured by those who seem to be  
Of more importance in the plan divine;  
A ray of sunlight comes from God, for thee.

## THE OLD MESSAGE AND THE NEW

IN days of old, stern men of God  
Pointed with confidence the road  
That led to heaven,  
Nor failed to warn impenitent  
The tragedy of life, if spent  
Sins unforgiven.

With zeal they counselled young and old  
To flee the wrath the Book foretold,  
While yet the day  
Of grace was theirs. The loving call,  
Extended without price to all,  
Brooked no delay.

A new day dawned. The messenger  
Spoke more of love and less of fear,  
Nor warned of hell.  
He stressed the need of serving God  
In daily life. The chastening rod  
No longer fell.

"Deal justly." "Let your light so shine,"  
A witness to the Life Divine;  
The world's great need.  
"Walk humbly." Choose to do the right,  
"Love not the world." "Fight the good fight."  
Be this your Creed.

“Take up your cross and follow Me.”  
Thus spake the Man of Galilee.

What way He trod,  
We too must walk, if we would be  
Here and throughout eternity  
The Sons of God.

## “HELP THOU MY UNBELIEF”

SOME day when Kindly Tolerance  
Has won its place,  
And Doubt and Faith together stand  
As friends—no more with eyes askance,  
But face to face.

Each then will learn the solemn truth  
And profit gain,  
That they are brothers, and must strive  
To serve mankind in age and youth,  
Nor strive in vain.

Fair Doubt is not an enemy  
To honest Faith.  
Blind Faith that seeks to lead his friend  
Places them twain in jeopardy,  
The Scripture saith.

Let honest Doubt make solemn vow,  
With heartfelt grief,  
Embracing Faith as brother, friend,  
And say, “Lord, I believe, help Thou  
My unbelief.”

## INCARNATION

**M**Y faith is as a grain of mustard seed,  
Yet all sufficient to my every need.

My hope, an anchor 'gainst eternal drift,  
Enters within the veil, nor tide can shift.

My love, a fickle flame against the sun.  
The primal source of faith, hope, love is one.

Faith, hope, and love in me is God made flesh,  
Renewed at eventide, at dawning fresh.

## THE GLORY THAT AWAITS

WITHIN this sphere, as in a darksome cave  
To which the light may never penetrate,  
Blindly I ponder on the future state  
That 'waits the soul beyond—beyond the grave.

Accustomed to the dark from long exile  
I fancy that I too perceive the light,  
As one who dwells with heaven's rays bedight.  
Victim alas! of egotistic guile.

Wise in my own conceit, I fain would gaze,  
Or by some human process estimate  
The height and depth of love Divine, and state  
In terms terrestrial all God's thoughts and ways.

Hath He not said and shall we doubt or fear?  
"Eye hath not seen nor heart of man conceived  
The glory that awaits." Be not deceived.  
We know not whence it comes, or far or near.

But in that hour when He shall ope' the door,  
Our eyes, prepared for glory, shall behold  
The vision of heavenly splendor long foretold;  
Shall see His face and go out thence no more.

## MY DESTINY

**B**EYOND the clouds, where space is unconfined,  
I shall be free;  
Shall witness sights and sounds  
Vast as eternity.  
Expanding with the pure eternal mind  
Of God, that knows no bounds,  
I shall go forth at morn  
To work the will and purpose infinite  
Of Him whose throne the myriad stars adorn.

## COMFORT YE

*(Written on the occasion of the sudden death of Rev. Franklin W. Sweet, D.D., Principal, Brandon College.)*

I WOULD not have you weep nor mourn for me,  
As though the onward sweep of destiny  
    Had robbed me of my due.  
Or, that, foreshortened by untimely fate,  
My day was incomplete, my plans frustrate.  
    Naught could be more untrue.

He who controls the destinies of man,  
Chooses the instrument, unfolds the plan,  
    Wrecks no man's barque.  
Although the waves run high in fiendish sport,  
He who fares forth at morn shall reach his port  
    E'er falls the dark.



## THE PERFECT WORD

**W**ITHHOLD the word until the thought matures;  
The thought is God's; the imperfect word is yours.  
As seeds lie dormant in the friendly earth  
'Till hidden forces speak the hour of birth.  
So, when your hour strikes, will thought inspire  
Words—living words—to set men's souls afire.  
Then truth—grey-eyed and fearless, keen, refined—  
Will captivate the hearts of all mankind.

## TO DONALD DUNBAR BEVERIDGE

*(Born Friday, 13th, June, 1924.)*

WEE stranger from a land unknown,  
Thrice welcome to your earthly home,  
With joy we claim you as our own,  
Dear boy.

Betty and Massey, Jack and Bill,  
All greet you with a right good will,  
And, good or bad, will love you still,  
Dear boy.

While relatives both near and far,  
Godfathers Donald and Dunbar  
Hail you the bright particular star,  
Dear boy.

And Father, satisfied with four,  
Extends a welcome to one more,  
His cup of joy is running o'er,  
Dear boy.

Then Mother, bless her loving heart,  
Depend on her to take your part,  
Dearer to her than life thou art,  
Dear boy.

When you are through with this old world  
And to a better one are whirled,  
May all the bunting be unfurled,  
Dear Boy.

July 6, 1924.

## TO MARJORIE

*(On her Wedding Day.)*

SWEET Marjorie, a gift to you we bring,  
And with our gift, a richer offering;  
A wish, a friendly hope, a strong desire.  
( 'Tis heartfelt love that doth our thoughts inspire ).

The coming years, surcharged with mystery  
As trackless plain, or boundless, restless sea,  
Stretching beyond our vision to the blue  
That from our mortal eyes conceals the view.

Be yours the will, the purpose, the desire  
To choose a worthy course. May you aspire  
To see in life not empty, trackless waste,  
To be o'ercome with vain unworthy haste,

But an adventure, worthy of the soul;  
A voyage to a predetermined goal.  
Direct your course as do the mariners  
Who set their compass by th' eternal stars.

## THE STARRY CROSS

*(A Hungarian Legend)*

'T WAS midnight, and the Holy Babe  
Lay deep in slumber, unafraid,  
    Upon His lowly cot;  
While in the sky that sweetest song  
Peeled forth from the angelic throng,  
    That ne'er shall be forgot.

A starry cross shone overhead  
By which the three wise men were led  
    To seek the Christ Child there.  
He who before the world began  
Had been ordained to rescue man  
    From sorrow and despair.

And still on Christmas night appears  
That cross, and to attentive ears  
    The angel's song is borne.  
Since by the cross the world is shriven,  
Peace comes to man through sins forgiven;  
    "Thrice welcome, Happy Morn."

## THE PASSING OF JOHN CLOUSTON

*(As related by one who knew him well)*

YES, Johnny's gone. He died on Sunday night,  
But he was not afraid. He's saved all right.  
He made his peace with God long years ago,  
Was looking for the coming Lord, you know.

I well remember when the Preacher said :  
"Wake up John Clouston, don't you know you're dead  
In trespasses and sins. Your soul is lost,  
Lost for eternity. He paid the cost

"Of your redemption, John. Won't you believe?  
There's nothing you can do but just receive  
This free salvation, purchased on the tree,  
That's offered in the Book to you and me.

"'Tis all of grace that none may boastful be,  
'Tis all of love, the love of God for thee.  
'Twas love and grace endured Gethsemane.  
'Twas love and grace led Him to Calvary.

"'Twas by His suffering He paid the price.  
Justice required a perfect sacrifice,  
And He who knew no sin became for us  
The perfect offering. His righteousness

"Imparted unto us, freely of grace.  
Oh, Johnny, won't you heed and turn your face  
To God? And by this act of faith obtain  
The heavenly favor none need seek in vain."

'Twas thus he pleaded in the Saviour's name.  
Ere long we noticed John was not the same.  
He'd never been a wild or foolish lad,  
But when conviction came, you'd think he had.

For days and nights he neither ate nor slept.  
By day he roamed afar, by night he wept  
And prayed unceasingly, nor seemed to care  
Who heard his sobs, his agonizing prayer.

The preacher held aloof; he knew the hour  
Had come for John; the Holy Spirit's power  
Was working in his heart, and soon the light  
Would flood his soul; and sure enough, one night,

A night that, wearing on toward morn  
Was broken by a fierce electric storm;  
And suddenly in Johnny's dark distress  
There shone a wondrous light of happiness.

He woke the house, then called the neighbors in,  
To witness his deliverance from sin.  
The Preacher said he never knew a case  
Like John's. The change was mirrored in his face.

And from that day until the day he died,  
His spiritual needs the Lord supplied.  
He was a quiet man, not much to say,  
But rested on God's word implicitly.

And now he's gone—eternal his reward—  
To dwell in bliss forever, with the Lord.

## A PRAYER

**M**ORE courage, Lord, I pray,  
That, day by day,  
Undaunted I may choose  
The upward way.

More love for those who stray  
From Thee aside.  
Of Thy rich store, Lord grant  
Wisdom to guide.

A childlike faith on me  
Bestow, O Lord;  
That in life's darkest hour  
Rests on Thy word.

With courage, faith, and love  
By Thee supplied,  
To serve my fellow-man,  
For whom Christ died.

My God and Father, hear  
The prayer I make.  
These favors grant, dear Lord,  
For Jesus's sake.

## A LAST WISH

ONLY one wish have I. One clear desire,  
As toward the end of life my journey trends;  
The hopes of youth, to which we all aspire,  
Drop one by one, e'er life's brief journey ends.

No more do we seek fame or proud position,  
The lure of gold no longer holds in thrall;  
So gradual is wrought by slow transition  
The change, it steals unconsciously on all.

We wake to find the simple pleasures sweeter,  
We realize old friends possess a charm  
That satisfies, makes happiness completer;  
Foreboding dread, unworthy fear disarm.

So, were I granted by an unseen Power  
The boon I crave, as life draws to the end;  
'Twould be, in the inevitable hour,  
That I might grasp the warm hand of a friend.



*Not so Serious*



## HOME

I OWN a little plot of ground,  
Three acres more or less,  
'Tis worth to me in unmixed joy  
All else that I possess.

And when I leave the City  
On Friday afternoon,  
To spend a happy week-end,  
I can't get there too soon.

Then, in the morning, when I rise  
Refreshed by long repose,  
When odors sweet of ham and eggs  
And coffee greet my nose,

I dress in haste, then skip downstairs  
And armed with fork and knife,  
Tackle a great big breakfast.  
*Oh, boy! this is the life.*

## THIRTY YEARS EXPERIENCE

OF all the girls I ever met,  
The blonde, red headed or brunette,  
None could with you compare, you bet,  
Not one.

You simply twirled me 'round your thumb,  
Before your glances I stood mum,  
And when you spoke—was stricken dumb,  
By gum.

The years have passed, the charm holds true,  
I never saw a girl like you,  
You're worth as much as any two  
Or three.

Since you have stood the acid test,  
Both in the East and in the West,  
I'm sure you're still the very best  
For me.

## MY OLD DUTCH

I'M thirty-three years married  
The signs are everywhere;  
I've grown a crop of wrinkles  
And lost a crop of hair.  
The waistline is increasing,  
My step is much less brisk,  
I'm looking out for "sure things,"  
Hesitate to take a risk.

Whene'er I try to read at night  
I ask "What ails the light?"  
And grow quite testy when Friend Wife  
Hints something ails my sight.  
My actions lack the old time pep,  
I like to sit around;  
And when there's heavy work to do  
Am nowhere to be found.

But, spite of all these failings,  
I'm happy blithe and gay,  
For my old girl still loves me  
In the same old way.  
I'm sure she'll not desert me  
Though I am growing old,  
For though she seems but flesh and blood  
Her heart is solid gold.  
And when I grow decrepit  
Hobble round on cane and crutch,  
It's grand to know that I may count  
On my Old Dutch.

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## BUCK UP

OF all the things that men have cursed,  
Shortage of cash, a lurid thirst,  
With courage—you'll survive the worst.  
Buck up.

Complaining is no earthly use,  
"Ill luck" is hardened to abuse,  
Just play the game, don't make excuse.  
Buck up.

If hurrying to make connection  
The heat should mottle your complexion  
Don't hang your head in deep dejection.  
Buck up.

A little rouge, a dab of powder,  
Like onions in a dish of chowder  
Will drown the weaker in the louder.  
Buck up.

A brassier that pulls askew  
May be a constant plague to you.  
Why worry—since 'tis hid from view.  
Buck up.

If husbands will have operations  
To please fastidious relations  
Don't squander sympathy and patience.  
Buck up.

When separation has to be  
Accept the opportunity  
To prove the true sport you can be.  
    Buck up.

To worry, fret or fume is vain,  
The sun emerges after rain.  
Nature a balance will maintain.  
    Buck up.

Accept the birthright you possess.  
The great eternal purposes  
Are working for your happiness.  
    Buck up.

## BELATED BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

*(Is there a man who has never forgotten a birthday or wedding anniversary and never experienced the chagrin of being reminded of his neglect? The following verses illustrate the author's method of side-stepping embarrassment.)*

I WISH you on your natal day  
Wishes no less sincere, since long delayed.  
I had it in my heart to say  
"Congratulations dear," but felt afraid  
You would prefer no mention made  
For you another year had swiftly sped.  
So, foolishly perchance, conveyed  
No birthday greeting. Blessings on your head  
In showers, I pray, may gently fall,  
Fuller and richer than has ever been.  
Since you to me are all in all,  
Your daily happiness I glory in.

June 21st, 1925.



## SAFETY FIRST

**B**OYS who think to marry,  
Ere it be too late  
Con the prospects over,  
Hesitate.

Oft times fiery trials  
Do beset the road,  
To some men, a family  
Proves a load.

Cuts the spending money  
Straight in two;  
Half goes to the Missis,  
Half to you;

And, as little blessings,  
Singly, and in pairs,  
Gather 'round *your* table—  
And *theirs*.

Your half must be whittled  
Finer still,  
For it's up to Dad to  
Foot the bill.

So, if not dead certain  
How you'll feel,  
Should not self denial  
Make appeal,

Take time by the forelock,  
Can the thirst  
For a cosy love nest ;  
“Safety first.”

## TIMES HAVE CHANGED

WHEN I was a dapper young dandy  
I supplied all my girl friends with candy;  
But customs have changed,  
The gifts now exchanged  
Are garters and bottles of brandy.

## A PERFECT DAY

WHEN all my friends have gathered for a feast,  
All enemies are banished, not the least  
Do I care where, so that I see them not  
And that I too by them am quite forgot.

With garlands hung of colors not too gay,  
That in soft summer breezes gently sway;  
And flowers of pleasing hue and faint perfume  
In bowls and vases decorate the room.

And women, young or old, or rich or poor,  
No odds, so they are friends that pass my door.  
And men, such men as one desires to know,  
Not all of brilliant mind, some dull, some slow;  
But each as true as steel, loyal and true;  
The old friends making merry with the new.

When we have feasted, body, mind, and soul;  
Envy and jealousy have had no toll,  
But every hour has been a pure delight;  
When all depart, alone I greet the night;  
Then will I stretch my hand to heaven and say,  
"Thanks, God, I've spent a truly Perfect Day."

## MISPLACED SYMPATHY

SHE pitied the man with an empty sleeve  
And her eyes were dimmed with tears,  
While visioning his handicap  
Through all the coming years.

Approaching him with friendly smile,  
Her question meant no harm.  
"I should like so much, my dear young man,  
To know how you lost your arm;

"And did the doctors realize  
Their duty to try and save it?"  
"You're mistaken Ma'm, it wasn't lost,  
For my country's sake I gave it."

## LOVING AND LIKING

(*A Distinction and a Difference.*)

A LAD was asked, he was a saucy tike,  
To state the difference 'twixt "love" and "like,"  
And give correct example briefly phras'd.  
At first, poor lad, he seemed a trifle dazed.

His answer then he made in bold staccato;  
"You '*love*' a girl, but '*like*' a ripe tomato."  
"Why do you thus, my boy, the difference state?  
As commonly expressed, inanimate  
As vegetables are, the verb to love  
By many folk is often used. So prove  
By illustration, how you really know  
That what you say invariably is so."

He paused a moment, then with youthful guile,  
A merry twinkle in his eye the while:  
"You love the girls because you like to *tease* 'em  
But not tomatoes, since you dare not *squeeze* 'em."

## BLESSED ASSURANCE

*(On the occasion of wearing a pink shirt, that aroused criticism.)*

OFT times in youth, before my tastes were formed,  
I chose unseemly garb. I do regret  
That friends had cause to feel disgraced, and yet  
It was a simple fault, that left unharmed

Their mortal souls, their characters. 'Twas pride  
Alone that suffered, and in truth I trow,  
If naught of greater moment then or now  
Be injured, surely it were vain to chide.

But, having fully come to man's estate,  
Matured in knowledge of good taste and style,  
Should carping critic dare to raise my gorge  
And of the brilliant hue unkindly prate  
Of shirt or tie, or aught I wear; then I'll  
Reply—"Go to—I know what's what, by George!"  
Sept., 1925.

## ANCIENT WISDOM

THOUGH many wise and learned men have striven  
To solve the riddle of the universe,  
The origin of species, or the curse  
Pronounced on Adam by a righteous heaven;

Yet, after countless years of argument,  
The world is still divided hopelessly.  
As in the days of Noah, so to-day  
Each on his own pet theory is intent.

The wise of one age, when the wheels have turned,  
Are foolish in the eyes of common folk;  
Their wisdom pond'rous folly, senseless joke.  
One potent fact, to lettered and unlearned,  
Has stood the test of ages, and 'tis this—  
*That heaven and hell are compassed in a kiss.*



## MISS PARR

*(Accompanying a bottle of "Old Parr" Whisky dressed as a Scottish lassie, presented to a friend.)*

**P**ERMIT me to present to you a lass from o'er the  
sea,

You could tell she came from Scotland by her dress,  
I trust that you may find her congenial company,  
Contributive to health and happiness.

The maiden, though of modest mien, has every right  
to feel

Herself a little better than the rest,  
Since chosen by the House of Lords to teach them the  
"Scotch reel"

In competition with old Scotia's best.

Her eminent success, I'm told, has won for her world  
fame

Wherever Britain's flag floats in the breeze;  
And like that flag in every land, is greeted with ac-  
claim,

She brings the proudest boasters to their knees.

I make this presentation with every confidence  
That you will prove immune from her intrigue,  
Since you have shown your wisdom and good scotch  
common sense

By boosting for the Moderation League.

The lassie's name you may have guessed, if not, then  
let me say

She claims direct descent from "Grand old Parr,"  
Accept her with best wishes for a Happy Christmas  
day,

The merriest that you've enjoyed—so far.

## FAREWELL ODE TO DR. F. W. PATTERSON

*(On his departure from Winnipeg to assume the Presidency of  
Acadia University.)*

WHO was it came up from the East  
Twenty odd years ago at least,  
Filled full of pep as home-made yeast?  
Pat.

Who tackled every job in sight  
With zeal and evident delight,  
Working all day and half the night?  
Pat.

Who left his mark on every town  
From Winnipeg to Edmonton,  
Through B.C. to the setting sun?  
Pat.

Who's leaving for his boyhood home  
A crown of glory on his dome?  
The subject of this little "pome."  
Pat.

May all the blessings Heaven bestows  
Be yours, dear Pat, for goodness knows  
You "fought the fight" and "played the game"  
Through thick and thin. Your honored name,  
Inscribed within the "Hall of Fame,"  
We rise to greet with loud acclaim,  
Our Pat.

And in that land where bad men ain't,  
Freed from conventional restraint,  
We'll "can" the Doc, and hail you "Saint,"  
St. Pat.

## TO MOLLY

WHEN a little maid has fever,  
For so the story goes,  
The pain will surely leave her  
If she but smell a rose.

This hint is slyly offered  
To Molly's youthful beaux,  
Should any gift be proffered,  
Suggest it be a rose.

All flowers have healing virtue  
For many earthly woes.  
If thoughtless word has hurt you  
No balm heals like a rose.

Accept this fact, dear Molly,  
From one who truly knows,  
(Old maids may dub it folly)  
Love hides within the rose.

You may not love the rhymers,  
'Twere folly, I suppose,  
To hope that an old timer  
Might win you with a rose.

## TO A FRIEND AT FRENCH LICK, IN EARLY SPRING

I'M thinking of you as I sit in the corner  
    Propped up with the pillows and old Jaeger rug;  
Am wondering how you're progressing down yonder  
    With bathing, and walking, and "hitting the jug."  
At night when I'm wakeful I picture you strolling  
    Among the great oak trees that girdle the hill;  
The beauties of trunk limb and leaflet extolling,  
    While saucy grey squirrels skip about you at will.  
As far as the bend of the creek, then returning,  
    Retracing your steps by the spring 'neath the  
    hill;  
You pause, gazing backward, a heart full of yearning  
    Your soul with the beauties of nature to fill.  
Then on to the garden, so quaint and old fashioned,  
    The sundial marking the hours left behind;  
The wild flood of waters, resistless, impassioned;  
    The odors of Pluto borne up on the wind.  
All nature rejoicing her fetters to shatter,  
    The sweet voice of song-birds resounds through  
    the air,  
The squirrels and blackbirds unceasingly chatter,  
    The whole scene appealing most wondrously fair.

While soft breezes haste from the Southland to meet  
you,

The sun in his glory rides high over head,  
All nature with rapture, seems eager to greet you,  
Like souls held in bondage bursting forth from the  
dead.

Then, drink long and deep of the life-giving fountain,  
Let nature work all her beneficent will  
Through the birds and the trees, the sunshine, the  
mountain,  
New health to impart, new hope to instil.

Not to all are the blessings of nature imparted,  
Only those who by birthright are kin to the wild  
May compass the love of the strong, tender-hearted  
Dame Nature, and grasping, claim the rights of a  
child.

## JOSHUA

A COLORED man stood in the dock,  
With roving glance and vacant look.  
He heeded not the motley crew,  
Including neighbors not a few,  
That filled the seats behind the rail,  
Some unconcerned; some looking pale.  
Nor when his wife, his eye to catch,  
In desperation lit a match.  
But there he was, and there he stood,  
Save for his eyes a block of wood.

At length His Honor took his seat.  
The case was called, "King vs. Peat."  
The Judge, a man of middle age,  
Was dignified, looked keen and sage;  
And in a voice both stern and clear,  
Asked sharply, "Who is this man here?"  
"Peat," answered Counsel civilly,  
Then whispered something privily.  
"He's charged with making Hootch, your Honor,  
Back in the hills near Buckwell's Corner."

"What is your first name?" asked the Judge.  
The Gaoler gave his man a nudge  
Which roused poor Peat as from a dream;  
He looked about, then scratched his "bean."



"Ma name am Joshua, Suh," said he,  
"Ma Missis, calls me Josh, an' she  
Am settin' nex' to Mandy Small,  
Dat niggah wench jes' by de wall."

"Oh, ho! so Joshua's your name.  
'Tis one that's not unknown to fame.  
'Twas you that made the sun stand still."  
*"No Jedge, not me, ah nebah will,  
Ah made de 'moonshine' on de hill."*

## POLOTSKY'S PRIDE

*(In a recent issue of a local paper under the heading "Strangest News of the day"—appeared an item to the effect that Mr. —, a Pole, occupying the position of official headsman in Germany, had made overtures to the Polish Government, offering to accept a less remuneration than he was receiving, if appointed to a similar position in Poland.)*

**A**CROSS the brine where life is brief and tragic,  
And heads are severed from the trunk by magic,  
A man, Polotsky was his name, a Pole,  
An artist in his line, put heart and soul  
Into his job as headsman, yet was not  
As happy as one should be in his lot.  
The cause, not far to seek, was simply this,  
'Twas German souls he ushered into bliss.

Though growing rich, he could not be content,  
So, interviewed the Polish Government;  
He'd come to Poland on condition they  
Appointed him as headsman, and the pay  
For Polish subjects, he would cut in two,  
Provided foreigners like me and you,  
Should bring him double what the Germans paid;  
"I think that's generous," Polotsky said.

He was a genius, and his guillotine  
Was of a type the Poles had never seen.  
'Twas he devised and made this new machine,  
"Polotsky's Perfect Foolproof Guillotine;"

One lever served as automatic lock,  
Another dropped it swiftly to the block,  
And, weighted heavily with chunks of lead,  
Unfailingly it severed trunk and head.

So fair was his proposal, they agreed  
To stage a demonstration and proceed  
To sign a contract in the usual way,  
If everything went well upon that day.  
He swelled with pride when asked to demonstrate  
Before the populace, and as the date  
Was but two weeks ahead—early and late  
Labored with feverish haste—he and his mate  
The victim was to be a German Von,  
Her Heinrich Wilhelm Von der Suzzlebon.  
The helper, German too—half wit—  
'Twas plain to see, strongly resented it.

Polotsky worked so hard he caught a cold;  
A cough alarms a Pole unduly, I am told,  
So every night, before he went to bed,  
He drank a quart of gin and bathed his head;  
For, "What a tragedy," said he, "a cough would be,  
Marring a unique opportunity."

The day arrived and shortly after dawn  
Polotsky, with his helper and the Von,  
Proceeded to the square, where, on one side,  
There glistened in the sun, Polotsky's pride.

Before the Herr or Von was asked to bow,  
Polotsky was permitted to tell how  
This wondrous new invention he had planned;  
With pompous air he posed, then raised his hand  
And bowing low peered through below the knife,  
Not realizing that he risked his life.

The Von, a stalwart gent and mighty clever  
Saw instantly that it was now or never,  
So stepping forward to complete the picture,  
He touched the spring, and thus released the fixture.  
Polotsky's helper, of base envy victim,  
Lifted his toe, and just as swiftly—kicked him.

Polotsky's head, and not the Von's came off—  
To Mrs. P's delight, *it cured his cough.*

## A GOLFING WIFE

SEZ Oi to me woife, sez Oi,  
    "Phwat d'yez want th' year,  
A spool o' thread, a ball o' yarn,  
    Or a cake o' soap, me dear?"

"Naither of thim," sez she,  
    Wid a snicker and a laff,  
"Oi want a flock of clubs," sez she,  
    "For I'm bound to take up golf."

"Not on yer loife," sez Oi,  
    "Yer man's no millionaire,  
A golfing woife is in the class  
    Of wimmen that bobs their hair.

"Oi can golf for the family," sez Oi,  
    "And b' all that's good and grate  
No woife of moine 'll waste her toime  
    And money at this late date."

Wimmen as has a home  
    Should tind to their duties, Oi claim.  
The first thing we know, in a year or so,  
    They'll be buttin' into our game.

Whin we've booked a nice young girrel  
    A lovely mess 'twill be  
Whin the woife steps down wid a wicked frown,  
    Sez, "Me husband 'll play wid me."

Oi repate pwhat Oi sed before,  
Niver wid my consint,  
Will woife of moine waste money and toime,  
If Oi can find manes to prevint.

## FROM MESILF TO MESILF

SEZ Oi to mesilf, sez Oi,  
    "Is there anything you'd loike?"  
Then Oi patted mesilf upon the back  
    And sez Oi to mesilf, "Shure Moike."  
  
"An phwat moight it be?" sez Oi.  
    Thin Oi answered wid a laff  
"Oi'd loike to have a new machine  
    Fer to take a fotygraff."  
  
"To be sure yez would," sez Oi,  
    "An the best is none too good,  
If ye don't trate yersilf loike a gintleman,  
    Thin, who in the divil would?  
  
"An here it is, ould man.  
    Accept it wid koind regard  
From wan yez have always been loyal to  
    As a well deserved reward.  
  
"May your pi'tures turn out foine,  
    True to loife, an' on the square,  
An mebbly in Hiven ye'll get the job  
    Of official fotographer.  
  
"St. Peter will want to sit  
    Houlding his bunch of keys,  
And phwat a splindid pi'ture he'll make  
    Wid his white beard down to his knees.

“Thin there’s the apple tree

That put Adam and Eve on the blink,  
The purly gates, an’ the golden streets,  
An’ the pool where the people drink.

“Oh boy! it’ll be worth whoile

To hould such a job. Oi say,  
Ye’ll have no one to thank but yer own swate silf  
An’ this blessed Christmas Day.”

Xmas, 1923.



## THE UNKNOWN GOD

WHEN Paul went down to Athens the heathen  
folk to prod,  
He found a shrine erected to "An Unknown God."  
If Mister Paul were here to-day, believe me, he would  
see

A lot of genuflecting to an unknown Deity.

We know the God of cities, of villages and towns,  
Who builds our homes and feeds us, sends motor cars  
and gowns.

We offer him our grateful thanks, on Sunday bend  
the knee

And sing with lusty vigor, "He is very good to me."

They tell us of another God who rules the country-  
side,

His specialty is farming, fruit raising on the side.

When crops are good and fruit is cheap, we of the  
town are sure

"His love is everlasting, His mercies ever sure."

Then there's the God of battles the Hun had cause to  
fear,

We called when danger threatened and "He inclined  
His ear."

He gave us signal victory over a wicked foe,

He surely is a God we are very pleased to know.

Disease and death approach us, we cry again and find  
Our prayers are answered, for the heart of God is  
wondrous kind,  
And so each circumstance of life demands a special  
God  
From the day we leave the cradle 'till they plant us  
'neath the sod.

And our imagination creates these Gods at will;  
As did our heathen forebears so do their children  
still,  
But God, who rules the universe, guides myriad  
worlds through space,  
Knows neither Jew nor Gentile, loves all the human  
race.

His plans and purposes unfold by His divine decree.  
We foolishly imagine we change the destiny  
Of men, of states, and nations, by prayers and sage  
advice;  
The truth we'll learn, God willing, when we enter  
paradise.

## THE REVISED VERSION UP-TO-DATE

*(An experience)*

WHEN first they penned the records  
Of the life beyond the vale,  
Showing why some win happiness  
While other poor souls fail;  
Particulars were furnished  
Of how each group were served,  
Those who had kept the narrow path  
As well as those who swerved.

All will recall the tragic fate  
Of Nineveh and Tyre;  
Like Sodom and Gomorrah  
Both were consumed by fire.  
And thus all ancient records show  
The popular impression,  
The worst fate then conceivable  
For those who made digression,  
Was everlasting torture  
Over fires growing hotter,  
Without a stitch of clothing  
Or a drop of cooling water.

Extreme as was the penalty  
By ancient seers propounded  
And down through all the ages  
By leading lights expounded,  
A new and better method  
Has just occurred to me,

To which all with experience  
Will readily agree.  
For who that knows the torment  
To which I here refer,  
Will question my deductions,  
Or entertain demur.

Granted experience to be  
The wisest of all teachers,  
This fact must some day dawn upon  
The race of modern preachers.  
When that day dawns and they depict  
The end of wicked lives,  
For punishment they'll cut the flames,  
And substitute—the *Hives*.

## FATHER AND SON BANQUET

**I**RISE to my feet, Mr. Chairman and friends,  
But when I'll sit down again largely depends  
On how I get on, and when I get through—  
It's a rather hard task you've set me to do.

My son is a model, and so I suppose  
You probably think me a Father who knows  
How to bring up a boy in the way he should go—  
Excuse me, dear friends, I regret that's not so.

I'm free to confess, through my married life,  
The bringing-up business was left to my wife.  
I admit that is not how the job should be done—  
The boy needs his Father, the Father his Son.

These banquets have taught this great lesson, and  
now

We fathers have all made a most solemn vow  
To play fair by our lads, be their guide, Pal, and  
friend—

I hope that we'll stick to this vow to the end.

Of all the proud dads this old world contains,  
Each asserts that his son possesses more brains  
Than any two kids, within a square mile:  
Of course, all such statements we greet with a smile.

For when the same lad finds himself in disgrace,  
And Father and Son thrash it out face to face,  
The old man indulges a lot of plain talk—  
Tells the Son that his head is as thick as a block :

While those who knew Dad, as a boy, will assert  
He sometimes was good, and sometimes quite pert.  
So Fathers have patience, and boys love your Dad—  
As the years roll along you'll both wish that you had.

Now Fathers, all listen, bear this fact in mind ;  
Your son sees your actions, so, if you're inclined  
To be a bit careless in action or speech,  
He'll pay little heed when you start in to preach.

Let the rule of our lives be the Book God has given  
And we'll join hands again 'round the table in Heaven.

## AUNT MARY

MANY, many years ago,  
When my hair was white as tow,  
In the Spring I oft would go  
    To Aunt Mary's.

Uncle met me at the train  
With a smile that made it plain  
I was welcome as the rain,  
    At Aunt Mary's.

As we drove along the road  
He would call me "Little Toad,"  
Joke about the heavy load  
    For Aunt Mary.

What a jolly time I had,  
Never told me I was bad.  
Loved me as my Ma and Dad  
    At Aunt Mary's.

What huge meals I used to eat,  
Mashed potatoes, sausage meat.  
As a cook no one could beat  
    Dear Aunt Mary.

When to catch the flowing sap  
Uncle used the trees to tap,  
I went too, perched on his lap,  
    At Aunt Mary's.

Sometimes I would hold the lines,  
Drive the team alone at times,  
Down the hill and through the pines,  
At Aunt Mary's.

Then we'd haul the barrels home  
Over snow, and mud, and stone.  
Felt I did it all alone,  
At Aunt Mary's.

Mr. Simpson, known as Sam,  
Usually composed and calm,  
Took a ride with many a qualm,  
At Aunt Mary's.

When we started down the hill  
On the run, like Jack and Jill,  
He was sure we'd have a spill.  
At Aunt Mary's.

And before we'd gone half way,  
Turning pale in sheer dismay  
Shouted, "Careful there, I say."  
At Aunt Mary's.

Afterward, to Uncle George,  
Said that "When we reached the gorge  
He was most scared stiff, by George."  
At Aunt Mary's.



Where the road runs 'twixt two trees,  
Only room enough to squeeze,  
He got down upon his knees,  
At Aunt Mary's.

Vowing if we came through whole,  
Rack, and whiffletrees, and pole,  
He'd be thankful—"bless his soul."  
At Aunt Mary's.

But he's dead and gone—God's will  
For poor Sam. In memory still  
I recall him, and the hill,  
At Aunt Mary's.

Would those days might come again,  
All of joy, and naught of pain;  
But alas—the wish is vain.  
Dear Aunt Mary

Rests in peace, life's journey o'er,  
Uncle too has reached the shore  
Where friends meet—to part no more.  
George and Mary.

## TO FATHER SHEEDY

*(The ancient and friendly golfer)*

I THANK you for the kindly wish  
Expressed for an old foggy,  
And may your "course" in life be made  
At least in "Bogy."

When the "last hazard" looms ahead,  
A dark and treacherous stream,  
Follow the "guide post," have no fear,  
You'll land upon the "green."

The "Club House" door stands open,  
Each must "turn in a card,"  
And none who "play the game" in life  
Shall fail of a reward.

You'll enter with the multitudes  
Of those whose "course is run,"  
And standing forth the "Judge of Play"  
Will greet you, "Son, well done."

## A RETROSPECT

I WELL remember, years ago,  
When Mother mixed a batch of dough  
She used to grease the pan, just so  
It wouldn't stick.

She then would spread the batter thin  
Upon the pan of shiny tin;  
I watched the process with a grin,  
My lips would lick.

Visioning, when the cake was done,  
A generous helping for each one,  
Two, may be, for the younger son,  
That's me.

I ate with coming appetite  
My Dad would say, and he was right;  
Meal-time was ever my delight,  
All three.

We always had a plentitude  
Of palatable, wholesome food;  
I ate all that my stomach could  
Accommodate.

My stomach, only normal size,  
Expanded in emergencies.  
My favorites were lemon pies,  
And chocolate cake.

My Mother was a first class cook,  
She didn't have to read a book,  
But knew exactly what it took  
    Boiled, baked, or fried.  
Being a growing youngster then  
It never seemed surprising, when  
I promptly passed my plate again,  
    To be supplied.

Father would lift his brows and say,  
"Best ask your Mother if I may,  
'Tis she commands, while I obey,  
    At table."

I'd gaze at Mother pleadingly,  
With loving glance she'd look at me,  
Then nod her head approvingly.  
"Another slice won't harm, if he  
    Feels able."

Those were the happy days for me,  
I ate and played alternately;  
Healthy, and happy, and carefree  
    Was I.

But times have changed, as change they must;  
I scan all pastry with distrust,  
And choose regretfully—a crust;  
    Munching it dry.

## UNPLEASANT RELATIONS

HOW doth the busy little ant  
Bore holes in my front lawn!  
I dig them out at sun-down,  
They're back again at dawn.

They plant a hill beside a tree  
Or in a flower bed,  
Ere long, the tree has withered,  
The flowers, alas, are dead.

I quite agree with Solomon  
Who counselled young and old—  
To "Go to the ant, and slug 'er"—  
Would gladly knock her cold,

And tried—with boiling water,  
Coal oil and gasoline,  
Cyanide of Potassium,  
Coarse salt and paris green;

But none availed to check 'em,  
They didn't even pause—  
Ants are the female gender,  
Disregard all traffic laws,

Believe the Pauline theory,  
"All things are yours," make bold  
To act the British doctrine,  
That, "What we have we'll hold."

## THE MODERN CHICKEN

BEHOLD the hen! "By nature's kindly law,"  
Content to lay her egg in hay or straw;  
And if, by chance, neither are to be found,  
Cheerfully deposits it upon the ground.

A nest, most cleverly devised, and recently invented,  
(Designed to make a hen feel discontented),  
Is offered in the hope to fool the bird;  
So she will lay a second and a third.

The bottom with a spring is strongly hinged;  
Eggs dropping through are not so much as dinged.  
The poor hen looking down is sore perplexed  
And promptly squats again, and lays the next.

"Down south," 'tis claimed, this scheme has been in  
vogue  
For years; and now a very clever rogue  
Has just completed one which has been tried;  
That hands them out at will, *poached—shirred or  
fried.*

## BROWN EGGS

**S**OME folk like a white hen and some would choose  
a black,  
While some prefer a hen with yellow legs,  
But I don't care a button for the plumage that she  
wears,  
If only she will lay those big brown eggs.

## JEMIMAH

*(Jemimah, as may be surmised, was the name of our favorite hen. She was a most prolific layer, having the reputation of laying two eggs in a single day.)*

OH Jemimah! dear Jemimah!  
Pray remember well that I'm a  
Great admirer of Plymouth Rocks like you,  
And it is my fondest wish you'll  
Mark your eggs with my initial,  
All three please, but, if too busy, two will do.  
  
Should you fail in this precaution  
There's great danger that I often  
May not get the egg intended just for me;  
For the members of my household  
Like the big brown eggs, I'm so told,  
So my chances would be simply—one, to three.



## MORE JEMIMAH

**J**EMIMAH is a villain  
The family quite agree,  
And yet, I can't help liking her  
Since she's so good to me.

She keeps on laying big brown eggs  
And marking them quite plainly  
With D.H.H., which is the cause  
Of her survival, mainly.

She pecks the little chicklets  
When they would get their share,  
And bullies all the other hens—  
They're not safe anywhere.

But since she lays those big brown eggs  
We still try to forgive her.  
But should she fail, we'd boil her bones  
And stew her heart and liver.

Some day you'll slip a cog and fail  
To lay your egg, old girl,  
And end your earthly pilgrimage  
In a dizzy madd'ning whirl.

Walter will catch you by the leg  
And deftly twist your neck,  
And none will miss you half so much  
As the hens you used to peck.

## JEMIMAH'S LAMENT

**P**ERCHED high upon a hawthorn tree  
In the mountains of the moon,  
I try to learn my golden text  
For Sunday afternoon.

It says to "Love my enemies;"  
That's Walter and his wife;  
But spite of all my trying  
I can't, to save my life.

I fancied they were fond of me  
Because they gave me corn,  
And only realized the truth  
One sad September morn,

When Walter came down to our run  
And seized me by the leg,  
And just because it was a week  
Since I had laid an egg,

He said to Alice, who was near,  
"I think she's fat enough,  
It might be well to cook her  
Before she gets too tough."

I thought that Alice would protest  
But not a word she uttered,  
Though I screamed for assistance,  
And kicked, and squirmed, and spluttered.

What followed is too horrible  
To recount in detail,  
So, let me spare your feelings  
And draw a kindly veil.

. . . . .  
It wasn't long 'till I was plucked  
And stewing in a pot.  
Oh, boys! oh boys! believe me,  
That fire was awful hot.

One base indignity imposed  
I find hard to forget;  
Surely those callous humans  
Will live to feel regret.

Whenever I recall it,  
I want to raise the dickens—  
They ate my flesh, then boiled my bones  
And fed them to the chickens.

Those same annoying little pests  
I had so often chased.  
My blood runs hot and cold to think  
How I have been disgraced.

Confused as was the passage  
From earth to this new sphere,  
This message proves beyond a doubt  
I'm here—because I'm here.

I used to argue while on earth  
Existence would continue,  
The habit formed remains, while I  
Have simply changed my venue.

My favorite theory you'll recall,  
Is still my one best bet—  
I claimed "hens were immortal  
Since their *sons had never set.*"

I had my doubts in former days  
But now 'tis true, I know;  
With unmixed satisfaction  
Exclaim, "I told you so."

## JEMIMAH'S FAREWELL

HERE'S farewell to dear Jemimah,  
Better chick was never hatched,  
As a free and easy layer  
She was rarely ever matched.

And I feel that her devotion  
Both to duty and to me  
Should receive some recognition  
Here, and in futurity.

For myself I have decided  
What the form of mine will be;  
Think you, will it please Jemimah  
If I plant a Hawthorn tree?

You may not discern the reason  
Nor the hidden meaning catch,  
But a hint will be sufficient,  
*Hens and thorns were made to scratch.*

What will happen to her yonder  
Is beyond my power to say,  
Though 'tis claimed by some, existence  
Will continue, and this may

Be as reasonable a theory  
As that held by those who fear  
Hens may hope for no hereafter,  
Since they get their *necks 'twirled* here.

## LIGHT UP

**F**ILL your pipe to brimming,  
Press it down, then light;  
Only those who use it  
Know the keen delight  
Of an ardent smoker,  
Who, with pipe aglow,  
Resting on the sofa  
For an hour or so,  
Pours a cloud of incense  
To the smoker's Queen,  
Patron Saint, and Goddess,  
Lady Nicotine.

## SMOKE, BOYS, SMOKE

IF you've nothing else to do,  
Have a smoke.  
When the whole wide world looks blue,  
Try a smoke.  
When you cannot sing a song  
Because everything goes wrong,  
It will help you drag along,  
If you smoke.  
When your wife's inclined to scold,  
Have a smoke.  
If your feet are growing cold,  
Have a smoke.  
Something in the fragrant weed  
Cools your temper, warms your feet,  
So by all means, yes, indeed,  
Have a smoke.  
Men have sometimes risked their lives  
For a smoke.  
Spent whole evenings with their wives,  
Just to smoke.  
In the average abode  
Men need help to bear their load,  
Stand the gaff, endure the goad,  
So, boys, Smoke!

## 'AVE A SMOKE

SAY, you bloomin' bloke,  
Come, and 'ave a smoke.

Edgeworth is the stuff.  
Just you try a puff.  
Doesn't burn your tongue,  
Doesn't 'urt your lung.

'Elps you stand the gaff,  
'Elps to make you laugh,  
Nothing in the world  
Takes its place by 'alf.

W'en you feels the dumps  
Creeping up your spine,  
Sticking out in lumps  
So's you got to whine,

Fill your little pipe,  
Press it good and 'ard.  
'Fore you strike a light  
Phone for your ol' pard.

W'at a smoke'll do  
You aint no idee,  
'Specially if you  
Phone across for me.



I arsk you, as you draw  
Puffs of 'eavenly blue  
Through your bloomin' jaw,  
Ain't it gospel true,  
Some way, Lord knows 'ow,  
W'at was solid wall  
Shuttin' out the light,  
Ain't no where at all?  
Vanished out of sight,  
Disappeared in air,  
And a clearer light  
Shinin' everywhere.  
Just a quiet smoke,  
Just a friendly smile,  
Just a little joke,  
Makes the world worth while.

## TO J. P.

*(In acknowledgment of his Christmas remembrance.)*

I'VE bent pipes and straight pipes  
And pipes both old and new,  
But none at all as classy  
As the one received from you.

I'll keep it for my very best,  
My special Sunday smoke,  
And every time I take a puff  
A blessing will invoke

Upon the head of him who thought  
Of me this Christmas Day,  
And sent this shapely beauty  
To charm my woes away.

### EXPLANATORY NOTE

The items on the following pages were written for "Heliograms," a special column in the *Winnipeg Free Press*, in 1916, the year the franchise was granted to women in Manitoba. Helio was responsible for the introduction to the first. This introduction, together with the verses, drew a sharp reproof from a correspondent signing herself "A Mere Woman," offering an opportunity for the reply which follows on subsequent pages.

## A SCENE IN PARLIAMENT IN 19—

*(Lines written by a Rhymer who, it may perhaps not unjustifiably be surmised, deludes himself with the idea that the female of the species is a less reasonable creature than the male.)—*

HELIO.

THE Lower House assembled  
The Budget Speech to hear,  
The members all wore picture hats  
With brims from here—to here.

Miss B. was Finance Minister  
And certainly looked swell.  
Her hat a stunning model  
From Paris, one could tell.

The Premier's wasn't far behind  
In size at least, and yet  
It had not that exclusive touch  
All women try to get.

The F.M. swept the chamber,  
With a condescending smile,  
In manner irritating,  
That raised the Premier's bile.

Before the F.M. started  
She was greeted with applause,  
The Premier's face grew purple,  
Spectators saw the cause.

The gallery jeered and hooted  
For reasons plainly seen,  
The Premier's hat clashed with her gown  
Because 'twas trimmed with green.

The more they laughed, the worse it grew,  
She rose, and made a sign  
She wished to speak, then stammered,  
"Madam Speaker, I resign."

This may seem strange, and yet 'tis true,  
As everybody knows,  
The world is ruled by women,  
And women, by their clothes.

## WHAT AN IDEA!

DEAR HELIO:

Very clever, those verses of your contributor, D.H., in to-day's paper, and very cleverly you managed by the deft introduction you wrote to them, to side step responsibility for the gibing spirit.

It has more than once occurred to me when I hear men laughing in their superior way over the occasional lack of complete smoothness at meetings of women devoted to charitable and patriotic work, that things might go more smoothly if the women would only smoke at those meetings, cigars costing ten to fifteen dollars a box.

A MERE WOMAN.

## A MERE WOMAN

A MERE woman, a dear woman,  
A woman of sensitive feeling,  
An old man, a bold man,  
With failings feminine, dealing

A quick trick, a slick trick,  
For Helio to conceive,  
A side step, a glide step,  
The public to deceive.

A sad man, a bad man  
Poor D.H. stands condemned,  
Ah, who of all his lady friends  
Will this reprobate rhymer defend.

## CABINET INCIDENT IN 19—

*(Split narrowly averted)*

THE Premier had called her Council,  
And sat in her chair of state;  
The hour announced was three o'clock,  
But two of them were late.

The Finance Minister, one of them,  
Arrived a quarter of four.  
The other came in breathless haste,  
And as she reached the door

The Council Clerk made question,  
"Shall I mark this lady 'here'."  
The Premier tossed her willow plumes,  
"Most certainly not, my dear."

The air was charged with lightning,  
Black clouds hung all around,  
When happily a solution  
By the Council Clerk was found.

She brought from out the cupboard,  
From behind the biscuit jar,  
A box of large dimensions—  
Each took a fat cigar.

The threatened breach was quickly healed,  
Once more peace reigned supreme,  
Thanks to the Clerk's prompt action  
And my Lady Nicotine.

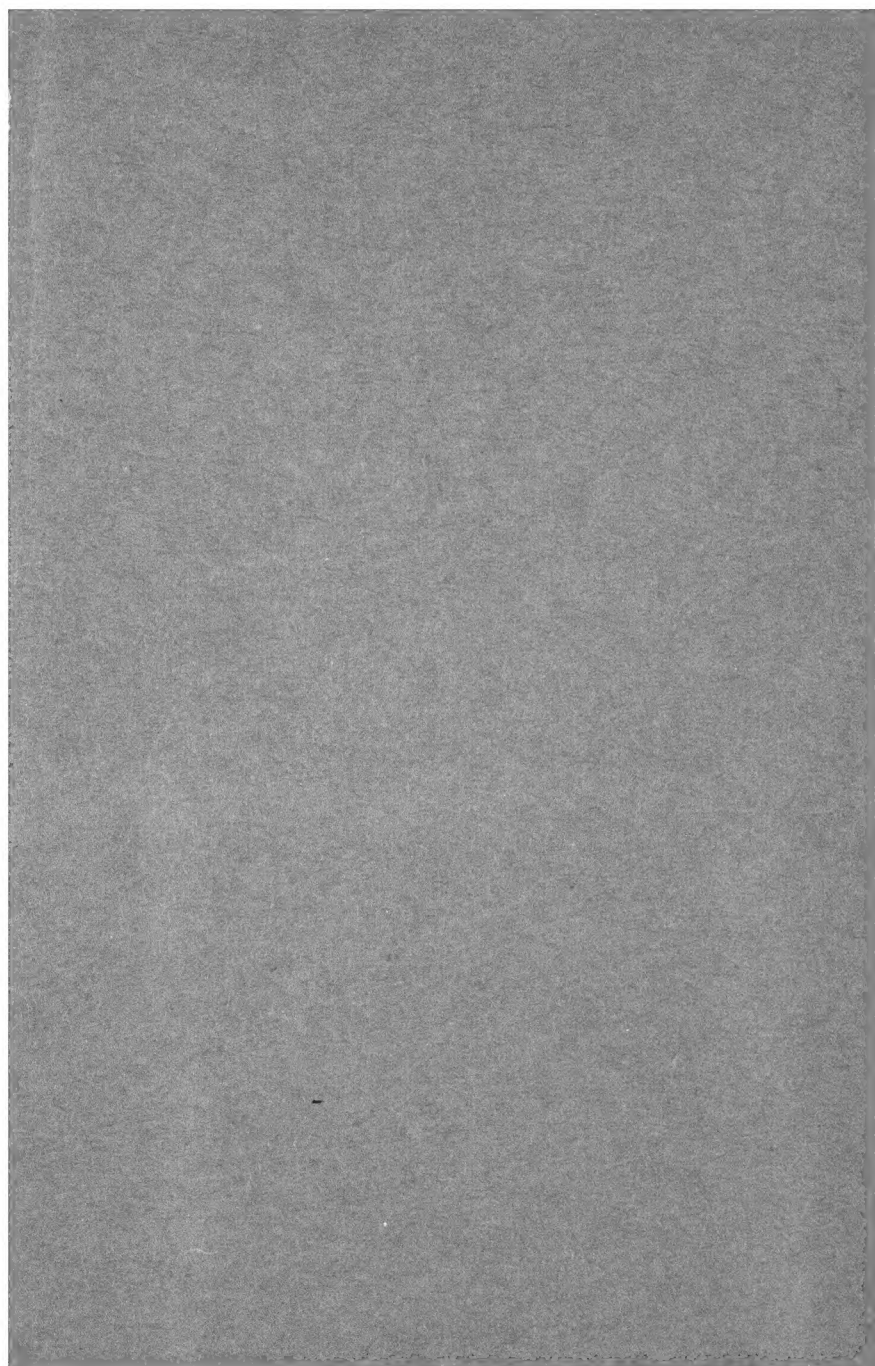












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Songs of a cheerful wayfarer;

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